



"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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VOL. IX.

FROM THE RECORDER AND TELEGRAPH.

THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

OUR SOLEMN OBLIGATION TO SUPPORT IT,
ARISING FROM THE SUFFERINGS AND
DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

The crucifixion of our Saviour was not an accidental event, but ordained from the beginning, and necessary to the accomplishment of the divine purpose. Nor was it an event implying nothing more than martyrdom. Neither the Scriptures nor our Saviour speak of it in this light. By his death he affixed his seal to the truth; but it was not for this purpose that he died. If his miracles—healing the sick, raising the dead by a word which amounted to nothing less than creative power,—were an insufficient attestation of the truth, what could be expected from his death. What were his miracles, but a repetition of the miracle of creation—*let there be light, and there was light!* What stupendous power! what perfect attestation! How needless the weaker attestation of dying? How insufficient, after the failure of the miracles. Martyrdom does not necessarily establish the truth, but only the sincerity of the martyr.

What then does the scene on Calvary imply? An answer is found in the last words of our expiring Saviour—*IT IS FINISHED*. An Atonement is made for sin, which separates man from his Maker, and exposes him to ceaseless misery;—the divine law is obeyed, and a righteousness wrought under its sanctions, which is acceptable to God;—a way of life is opened for the dying race of man; I am the resurrection and the life, and have purchased gifts for man which I offer to every one without money and without price; him that cometh to me, shall in no wise be cast out; knock and it shall be opened, seek and ye shall find. The pardon and sanctification of sinners, and the glory, justice and veracity of the divine character, are all secured; God can now be just and the justifier of the believer. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth in me, in what I am, in what I have spoken, in what I

have done shall be saved; he that believeth in me, shall have his mind affected by the truth; shall have it applied to his heart by the Holy Spirit; shall be brought to repentance towards God for his sins, and faith in me as his Saviour, shall have his heart renewed, his affections purified, his mind enlightened, his nature sanctified, and be fully prepared for the presence and enjoyment of God forever.—*IT IS FINISHED*—such its import, and, such the meaning of the transactions of Calvary; an act rescuing lost man from destruction, cleansing him from sin, and restoring him to the favour and enjoyment of God forever.

The character of the sufferer shews that the event and the occasion were circumstances of the highest moment. *Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God*, says Peter,—*Great is the mystery of Godliness, God manifested in the flesh*, says Paul,—*whose name is wonderful, counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the prince of Peace*, says Isaiah,—*the man that is my Fellow*, says God himself. If then the great actor in this scene, the lone sufferer on Calvary, was our Creator, the Alpha and Omega, our final Judge, we may be certain that the transaction was of the highest moment, in which the human race were deeply interested. Could it have been a trifle, an object of little or no importance, that brought the Lord of Glory from the bosom of his Father to the manger and the cross? Could an event be trifling, which all the Jewish types and ceremonies had shadowed forth from the first, on which prophetic vision fixed its eye so steadily, and to which it pointed so constantly? We act irrationally, to suppose such things. The character of the sufferer is of itself sufficient to convince us, that some great thing was accomplished on Calvary; whose greatness can only be measured by the character of him who achieved it. *IT IS FINISHED*. Truly the Saviour is a wonderful character,—he has accomplished a wonderful thing, and in a wonderful manner. Well may his name be called wonderful. We should look at the scene on Calvary with more interest and solicitude, if we, like our Saviour, could lift the veil of eternity, and see a whole race cut off from God and happiness forever. If we, like him, could see and feel things as

they are, if we like him, knew what are the joys of heaven and miseries of hell, the escape from the one and the attainment of the other would engage our first and most anxious enquiries and exertions. If we could fully realize all that our Saviour had before his mind, when he asked the awakening question, *what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?* we should better understand, and more sensibly feel the necessity of his strong language. If we like our Saviour, beheld the true character of God, and the relations we bear to him,—if our own characters and hearts lay as open to our inspection as they do to *His*, we should better understand, and improve His parables, hard sayings and strong language.

If it was the Son of God that suffered on the Cross, it must have been to accomplish an end of infinite importance, or infinite means would not have been used; and the end accomplished must have been of infinite value, or it would not have required an infinite sacrifice. If the Son of God was pleased to make a sacrifice of himself for the salvation of man, surely man must consider it an event of the highest moment, and in which he has the deepest interest. We are bound, by every obligation that gratitude can impose, to love and obey our Saviour; to deny ourselves; to take up our cross and follow him. We are bound to estimate the worth of the soul as he estimated it, and like him, make the salvation of our fellow creatures the business of life.

The death of Christ is an event deeply interesting to every individual of the human race. It is here that the character and will of God, the relations that man bears to his Maker, his condition and exposure as a sinner, and the way of life, are all revealed; and therefore should be made known to every one. It was our Saviour's dying injunction, or rather the last words before his ascension—go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature. Shall we acknowledge his authority and obey it, or shall we disregard the commands of our benefactor?

If we believe that we were not brought into existence to live to ourselves—to wrap our talent in a napkin—we shall take an account of the gifts which God has intrusted to our care, and set about the business at once of applying them in that way which shall produce the greatest amount of positive good. If we believe that our race is in a lost condition, and exposed to ceaseless misery in the world to come, from which they can escape only by accepting the mercy provided in the gospel, what greater good can we do our fellow creatures, than sending them the gospel?

It is exceedingly selfish in a community possessing a blessing, even of a temporal nature,

to confine it to themselves, and they are not apt to do it. We were willing that the blessing of the Jenner discovery should be extended to every human being, and we were not unwilling to lend a helping hand for this purpose. And why should the remedy for sin, the means of pardon and happiness hereafter, be monopolized by us; and millions of our fellow creatures be left to perish for the want of what we *can* impart, but selfishly or sluggishly withhold? Is the conduct pleasing to God? Have we any warrant for it in the example of Christ, or the Apostles? Will it turn to good account in our retributive state? Does it not destroy the evidence of our own safety? Do we really believe in these all important and awful realities, or are they felt to be fables, but coldly assented to through fear or hope? Can we allow of apathy and indifference in a cause in which the Son of God saw fit to make a sacrifice of himself? Can we withhold a portion of our time, our talents or our property, for that object for which our Saviour poured out his blood? Is any thing that *we* can do, more than he did? Is any thing which we can give, more than he gave?

If the blessings of the Gospel be considered in a temporal point of view only, this consideration is enough to make it obligatory on us who possess it, to impart it to others. If our temporal blessings flow from this source, if the tendency of the gospel is to soften the asperities of life, to make better rulers and subjects, better husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants; if its influence is to make men more just in their dealings, more regardful of the rights of others, more prompt to reciprocate favors, to relieve distress, to comfort the sick, provide for the poor, the orphan and the widow; if it has a tendency to soften down the harsh features and rude intercourse of society every where visible where the gospel is unknown, mere philanthropy imposes the obligation of extending the blessing. But how much more imperative the obligation becomes, when in addition to these temporal blessings which the gospel yields, it is believed to be fraught with eternal blessings,—is believed to be the means, and the only means of ceaseless happiness hereafter. (*To be continued.*)

EXTRACTS FROM DR. CHALMERS' SERMON.

"What a curious object of contemplation to a superior being, who casts an eye over this lower world, and surveys the busy, restless, and unceasing operations of the people who swarm upon its surface! Let him select any one individual amongst us, and confine his attention to him as a specimen of the whole. Let him pursue him through the intricate variety of his movements, for he is never stationary; see him with his eye fixed upon some distant object, and struggling to arrive at it; see him pressing forward to some eminence which perpetually recedes from

him; see the inexplicable being, as he runs in full pursuit of some glittering bauble, and on the moment he reaches it, throws it behind him, and it is forgotten; see him unmindful of his past experience, and hurrying his footsteps to some new object with the same eagerness and rapidity as ever; compare the ecstasy of hope with the lifelessness of possession, and observe the whole history of his day to be made up of one fatiguing race of vanity, and restlessness, and disappointment;

'And like the glittering of an idiot's toy,
'Doth fancy mock his vows.'

"To complete the unaccountable history, let us look to its termination. Man is irregular in his movements; but this does not hinder the regularity of nature. Time will not stand still to look at us. It moves at its own invariable pace. The winged moments fly in swift succession over us. The great luminaries which are suspended on high, perform their cycles in the heaven. The sun describes his circuit in the firmament; and the space of a few revolutions will bring every man among us to his destiny. The decree passes abroad against the poor child of infatuation. It meets him in the full career of hope and of enterprise. He sees the dark curtain of mortality falling upon the world, and upon all its interests. That busy, restless heart, so crowded with its plans, and feelings, and anticipations, forgets to play, and all its fluttering anxieties are hushed for ever."

"What meaneth this restlessness of our nature? What meaneth this unceasing activity which longs for exercise and employment, even after every object is gained, which first roused it to enterprise? What mean those unmeasurable longings, which no gratification can extinguish, and which still continue to agitate the heart of man, even in the fulness of plenty and of enjoyment. If they mean any thing at all, they mean, that all which this world can offer is not enough to fill up his capacity for happiness—that time is too small for him, and he is born for something beyond it—that the scene of his earthly existence is too limited, and he is formed to expatiate in a wider and grander theatre—that a nobler destiny is reserved for him, and that to accomplish the purpose of his being, he must soar above the littleness of the world, and aim at a loftier prize."

"It forms the peculiar honour and excellence of religion that it accommodates to this property of our nature—that it holds out a prize suited to our high calling—that there is a grandeur in its objects, which can fill and surpass the imagination—that it dignifies the present scene by connecting it with eternity—that reveals to the eye of faith the glories of an unperishable world—and how, from the high eminences of heaven a cloud of witnesses are looking down upon earth, not as a scene for the petty anxieties of time, but as a splendid theatre for the ambition of immortal spirits."

"All the descriptions we have of heaven in the Scriptures are general, very general. We read of the beauty of the heavenly crown, of the unfading nature of the heavenly inheritance, of the splendour of the heavenly city; and these have been seized upon by men of imagination, who, in the construction of their fancied paradise, have

embellished it with every image of peace, and bliss, and loveliness; and, at all events, have thrown over it that most kindling of all conceptions, the magnificence of eternity. Now, such a picture as this has the certain effect of ministering delight to every glowing and susceptible imagination. And here lies the deep laid delusion, which we have occasionally hinted at. A man listens, in the first instance, to a pathetic and highly wrought narrative on the vanities of time; and it touches him even to the tenderness of tears. He looks, in the second instance, to the fascinating prospects of another scene, rising in all the glories of immortality from the dark ruins of the tomb; and he feels within him all those ravishments of fancy which any vision of united grandeur and loveliness would inspire. Take these two together, and you have a man weeping over the transient vanities of an ever-shifting world, and mixing, with all this softness, an elevation of thought and of prospect, as he looks through the vista of a futurity losing itself in the mighty range of thousands and thousands of centuries. And at this point the delusion comes in, that here is a man who is all that religion would have him to be—a man weaned from the littleness of the paltry scene that is around him—soaring high above all the evanescence of things present, and things sensible—and transferring every affection of his soul to the durabilities of a pure and immortal region. It were better if this high state of occasional impression on the matters of time and eternity, had only the effect of imposing the falsehood on others, that the man who was so touched and so transported, had on that single account the temper of a candidate for heaven. But the falsehood takes possession of his own heart. The man is pleased with his emotions and his tears; and the interpretation he puts upon them is, that they come out of the fullness of a heart all alive to religion, and sensibly affected with its charms, and its seriousness and its principle. Now, my brethren, I will venture to say, that there may be a world of all this kind of enthusiasm, with the very man who is not moving a single step towards that blessed eternity over which his fancy delights to expatiate."

"O. my brethren! we fear it, we greatly fear it, that while busied with topics such as these, many a hearer may weep, or be elevated, or take pleasure in the touching imagery that is made to play around him, while the dust of this perishable earth is all that his soul cleaves to—and its cheating vanities are all that his heart cares for, or his footsteps follow after."

"The learned, just labour as helplessly under a want of an impression of the reality of this whole matter, as the unlearned; and if this be true of those among them, who, with learning and nothing more, have actually tried to decipher the meaning of God's communication—if this be true of many a priest and many a theologian with whom Christianity is a science, and the study of the Bible is the labour and the business of their profession—what can we expect of those among the learned, who, in the pursuits of a secular philosophy, never enter into contact with the Bible, either in its doctrine or in its language, except when it is obtruded on them? Little do they know of our men of general literature, who have

not observed the utter listlessness, if not the strong and active contempt, wherewith many of them hear the doctrine of the book of God's counsel uttered in the phraseology of that book—how, in truth, their secret impression of the whole matter is, that it is a piece of impenetrable mysticism—how, in their eyes, there is a cast of obscurity over all the peculiarities of the Gospel—and, if asked to give their attention thereto, they promptly repel the imposition under the feeling of a hopeless and insuperable darkness, which sits in obsolete characters over the entire face of the evangelical record. There may be bright and cheering examples to the contrary—of men in the highest of our literary walks, who under a peculiar teaching, have learned what they never learned from all the lessons of the academy. But, apart from this peculiar influence, be assured that learning is of little avail. The sacred page may wear as hieroglyphical an aspect to the lettered as to the unlettered. It lies not with any of the powers or processes of ordinary education to dissipate that blindness, wherewith the God of this world hath blinded the mind of him who believes not. To make the wisdom of the New Testament his wisdom, and its spirit his spirit, and its language his best-loved and best-understood language, there must be a higher influence upon the mind than what lies in human art, or in human explanation. And till this is brought to pass, the doctrine of the atonement, and the doctrine of regeneration, and the doctrine of fellowship with the Father and the Son, and the doctrine of the believer's progressive holiness, under the moral and spiritual power of the truth as it is in Jesus, will, as to his own personal experience of its meaning, remain so many empty sounds, or so many deep and hidden mysteries; and just as effectually, as if the book were held together by an iron clasp, which he has not strength to uncloze, may he say of the same book lying open and legible before him, that he cannot read it, because it is sealed."

"The feelings and the suggestions of all our old senses put together, will not make out for us a practical impression of the matters of faith; and there must be a transition as great as that by which man awakens out of the sleep of nature, and so comes to see the realities of nature which are around him—there must be a something equivalent to the communication of a new sense, ere a reality comes to be seen in those eternal things, where no reality was felt or seen, however much it may have been acknowledged before."

"This awakening calls for a peculiar and a preternatural application. We say preternatural, for such is the obstinacy of this sleep of nature, that no power within the compass of nature can put an end to it."

PLEA FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

*Extracts from a Sermon by Rev. T. H. Gallaudet
Principal of the Hartford Asylum.*

ROM. 15. 21.—*But, as it is written, to whom he was not spoken of, they shall see; and they that have not heard, shall understand.*—The text relates to the heathen. This class includes the millions of the Pagan world, and thousands in our own country, who have grown up ignorant of God, and of Christ whom he has sent.

"*But are there still other heathen?* Yes, My Brethren, and I present them to the eye of your pity, an interesting, an affecting group of your fellow men;—of those who are bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; who live encircled with all that can render life desirable; in the midst of society, of knowledge, of the arts, of the sciences, of a free and happy government, of a widely preached gospel; and yet who know nothing of all these blessings; who regard them with amazement and a trembling concern; who are lost in one perpetual gaze of wonder at the thousand mysteries which surround them; who consider many of our most simple customs as perplexing enigmas, who often make the most absurd conjectures respecting the weighty transactions of civil society, or the august and solemn rites and ceremonies of religion; who propose a thousand inquiries which cannot be answered, and pant for a deliverance which has not yet been afforded them.

"These are some of the heathen;—long neglected heathen;—the poor Deaf and Dumb, whose sad necessities have been forgotten while scarce a corner of the world has not been searched to find those who are yet ignorant of Jesus Christ."

Do you pity the devotees of Juggernaut, and others who grope in darkness? Do you aid the missionaries of the cross to distant lands? Go on, and prosper. Far be it from me to divert your charities from so noble an object.

"No, My Brethren I hold a very different language. I only put in a claim for *one portion* of the heathen. I only ask that the same stream of a diffusive benevolence which, fed by a thousand springs of private liberality, is rolling its mighty and fertilizing tide over the dreary deserts of ignorance and superstition and sin that lie in the *other* hemisphere, may afford one small rivulet to refresh and cheer a little barren spot in our *native land*, which has hitherto lain forgotten, thirsty, desolate. I only crave a cup of consolation, for the Deaf and Dumb, from the same fountain at which the Hindoo, the African, and the Savage, is beginning to draw the water of eternal life.

"Do you enquire if the Deaf and Dumb truly deserve to be ranked among the heathen? With regard to their vices they surely do not; for a kind Providence, who always tempers the wind to the shorn lambs of the flock, has given to the condition of these unfortunates many benefits. Possessing indeed the general traits of our common fallen nature, and subject to the same irregular propensities and desires which mark the depraved character of man, they have nevertheless, been defended, by the very imprisonment of their minds, against the scandal, the abuse, the falsehood, the profanity, and the blasphemy, which their ears cannot hear nor their tongues utter. Cruel is that hand which would lead them into the paths of sin; base, beyond description, that wretch who would seduce them, by his guileful arts, into the haunts of guilt and ruin. Thus they have been kept, by the restraining grace of God, from much of the evil that is in the world.

"Yet they need the same grace as all of us need it, to enlighten the dark places of their understandings, and to mould their hearts into a conformity to the Divine Image; they require too an interest in that Saviour who was lifted up, that he might draw all men unto Him.

"I tread not upon dangerous ground, when I

lay down this position; that if it is our duty to instil divine truth into the minds of children as soon as they are able to receive it; if we are bound by the injunction of Christ to convey the glad news of salvation to every creature under heaven; then we fail to obey this injunction, if we neglect to make His name known to the poor Deaf and Dumb.

"I have said that they are heathen. Truly they are so as it regards their knowledge of religious truth. The experience of more than seven years familiar acquaintance with some of the most intelligent among them, has fully satisfied my mind, that without instruction, they must inevitably remain ignorant of the most amiable truths, even of what is termed Natural Religion, and of all those doctrines of Revealed religion, which must be the foundation of our hopes with regard to our eternal destiny.

"I have seen the affecting spectacle of an immortal spirit, exhibiting the possession of every energy of thought and feeling which mark the most exalted of our species; inhabiting a body arrived to its age of full and blooming maturity; speaking through an eye, whose piercing lustre beamed with intelligence and sparkled with joy at the acquisition of a single new idea:—I have seen such a spirit, oh! it was a melancholy sight, earnestly contemplate

"the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodland; the resounding shore;
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds;
And all that echoes to the song of even;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields;
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;"

—while such an amphitheatre of beauty, and order, and splendor, raised not in this mind which viewed it, the notion of an Almighty Hand that formed and sustained the whole.

"I have asked such an one, after a few glimmerings of truth had begun to dissipate the mental darkness in which it had been shrouded, what were its meditations at the sight of a friend on whom Death had laid his icy hand, and whom the Grave was about to receive into its cold and silent mansion.—"I thought I saw," was the reply, "the termination of being; the destruction of all that constituted man. I had no notion of any existence beyond the grave. I knew not that there was a God who created and governs the world. I felt no accountability to Him. My whole soul was engrossed with the gratification of my sensual appetites; with the decorations of dress; the amusements of pleasure; or the anticipations of accumulating wealth, and living in gaiety and splendour.

"I have seen, it was a vision of delight, the same spirit, when it first received the notion of the Great Creator of the universe. I dare not attempt to describe its emotions, at such an interesting moment. For I believe, My Brethren, it is impossible for us, who have grown up in the midst of a christian people, and who were taught in our tenderest years the being and attributes of God, to form any just estimate of the astonishment, the awe, and the delight, which the first conception of an invisible, immaterial, omnipotent, omniscient, and infinitely wise, just, benevolent and holy Being, is calculated to inspire, when it breaks in upon a mind, that in the range of all its former

thoughts, had never once conjectured that there was a Maker of this visible creation.

"With what mingled emotions of wonder and rapture must the bosom of Columbus have been agitated, when the new hemisphere burst upon his view; opening to his imagination its boundless stores of beauty, wealth, and plenty. And yet how does such an event, magnificent and sublime, indeed, compared with all sublunary affairs, dwindle into insignificance, when contrasted with the first conception that an immortal mind is led to form not of a new world—but of the God who created all worlds.

"I have seen the same spirit agitated with fearful solicitude at the prospect of meeting that God, at whose bar it was taught, we must all appear;—and anxiously enquiring what must be done to secure the favour of so pure and holy an Intelligence.

"I have seen the same spirit bowed beneath a sense of sin, and casting itself upon the mercy of God through a redeemer whose character and offices it had just begun to understand. And I have seen it, as I fondly trust, consoled and soothed and gladdened with the hope of an interest in Jesus Christ, and of being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

"A little while ago this immortal mind had its vision bounded by the narrow circle of temporal objects; *now* its ken embraces the vast extent of its immortal existence, with all the momentous realities of that unseen world whither it is hastening—*Then*; oh! what a degradation! it was kindred to the beast of the field! *Now*; what an exaltation! we hope that it is allied to the spirits of the just made perfect; that it is elevated to communion with its God!

"And now, my Brethren, will you deem my plea too urgent, when I call upon you to imitate the example of the Apostle of the Gentiles: [when I solicit your sympathy for those who as truly sit in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death, as *those* did among whom Paul laboured, or as *those heathen* of the present day, to whom missionaries and bibles are sent? For the moral wasteland is alike desolate, whether it lies beneath an Asiatic or African sun, or whether it is found near at home, sadly contrasted with the gospel verdure which surrounds it.

"Paul was constrained to preach to those among whom Christ *had not been named*. Oh! aid us, then, while, we long to make the same Name precious to the Deaf and Dumb."

FROM THE COLUMBIAN STAR.

THE SABBATH A DAY OF SPIRITUAL REST.

Professing Christians are very apt to make the Lord's-day, a day of bodily, and not of spiritual rest. They too often manifest by their neglect of its holy duties, and by their slothful behaviour during its continuance, that they regard it as a cessation from worldly labours for the purposes of indolence and many kinds of self-indulgence. The prevalent custom of rising much later on that day than on others, and of spending a great portion of the time to no valuable end, is contrary to the notion of the rest which ought to be observed on the Christian Sabbath. Although it is incumbent on us to worship God every day of our lives, and to

manage all our business in conformity to his will, yet the Sabbath, is particularly consecrated to his service.

What are we to understand by the spiritual rest of the Sabbath? We answer, a relinquishment of all our worldly cares and employments, and the dedication of our whole time and attention to spiritual things. We can very easily imagine that such services do not admit of being performed in a sluggish manner, but that they comport with the idea of the utmost diligence. We are not to exclude the works of charity and mercy from the duties of this sacred day, but allow them a prominent place. The instruction of the ignorant in the ways of God and salvation, and in the rudiments of useful knowledge, by means of Sunday schools, or otherwise, when they do not enjoy greater advantages, may come under this denomination. We have the example of our Saviour to enforce our attendance also to the relief of sickness and distress. This day furnishes a happy opportunity for diligently searching the scriptures. We are not to suppose that merely a cursory reading of them, as is too often the case on other days, will suffice; but we must make them the subject of sedulous study, that we may derive comfort from their truths, be established in the faith, and able to give a reason of the hope that is within us. We are enabled, moreover, to meditate on the glorious perfections of the divine nature, the works of creation and providence, and the preserving goodness of God; to thank him for mercies past, and to supplicate for those to come. Nor can the wonders of redeeming love be contemplated at a more suitable season than that which the Saviour of men has consecrated by his resurrection from the dead, when the stupendous plan of our justification was consummated. The Sabbath affords leisure for prayer and the enjoyment of sweet communion with God. Our Saviour, after his crucifixion, repeatedly showed himself to his disciples, "on the first day of the week," and after his ascension bestowed on them the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost. John was in the spirit on the Lord's-day. Christians of the present age may expect similar blessings in waiting upon God, on a day which has been so greatly signalized by a Saviour's blessing; for while their 'doors are shut,' he may enter as in times of old, and say, "Peace be unto you."

On this day, the primitive saints assembled for public worship: in this, we ought to imitate their example, and be scrupulously regular in our attendance at the house of God. Those who are neglectful of this part of duty, deprive themselves of the most glorious of privileges; for nothing has a tendency to elevate the soul and give it a foretaste of heaven, like that harmony of heart and tongue which reigns in an assembly engaged in the worship and praise of God. The excuses which are rendered by professing Christians, for absenting themselves from public worship, are nugatory, and show that they regard the pleasures of sense, more than those which flow from God's right hand. They not unfrequently suffer trifling recreations, or perhaps the gratification of their appetites, to keep them from the sanctuary; or if they attend, much of the time is spent in slumbers; and thus while they feast the body they starve the soul. We want no better evidence of a man's disrelish for spiritual things, than to see him so much engrossed by other matters, that he cannot

regularly fill his place at the house of prayer.—His heart is fixed on objects, which, with him, claim and receive a prior attention.

This day is peculiarly suited to remind us of that holy and eternal Sabbath that remains for the people of God; for that is a rest which does not essentially differ from it. Here sin and sorrow may interrupt that heavenly calm which the service of God is calculated to inspire; but our enjoyments are of the same kind as those of just men made perfect, though not in degree. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

A stupid manner of observing the Christian Sabbath, lulls the soul, and instead of imparting spiritual rest, leads to a state of spiritual death.—In our worldly affairs we are not accustomed to be negligent, and our activity is excited in proportion as the objects of our calling are important.—But among all our urgent concerns here below, what can we class with the importance of serving God? A relief from bodily toil, during one day in seven, is well adapted to advance the comfort both of man and beast; and while we thus promote our health of body, we are, in a spiritual way, required to attend to the well-being of our soul.—Any thing like apathy with respect to this weighty consideration is inconsistent with the notion of keeping the Sabbath holy unto the Lord.

[ADONIRAM.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN STAR.

CHARACTER AND CLAIMS OF THE INDIANS.

A few evenings, since, we listened, with deep interest, to an appeal on behalf of the Indians, by the Rev. Mr. Crane, a gentleman, in the service of the United Foreign Missionary Society. He has resided, during the last seven years, among the Indians, and has had the best opportunity to form an estimate of their true character, condition, and claims.

In the commencement of his discourse, he briefly adverted to the text, (Ezekiel xxxvii. 3.) and deduced from it the principle, that, however difficult the task of converting the savages may be, our duty is plain. We are to prophesy to the dry bones and to the wind, that is, to employ the appointed means. With the prophet's piety, we must, in answer to the inquiry, "Can these bones live?" reply, "O Lord, thou knowest." We may do this, with the fullest assurance, that God will, on his part, fulfil his promise to restore the sinews and the flesh, and impart anew the breath of life.

He then proceeded to say, that the claims of the Indians, on the Christians of the United States, are much stronger than those of any other heathens whatever. This arises, not merely from the fact, that the country which we inhabit once belonged to their fathers; nor from their position within our jurisdiction, and in our immediate vicinity; but, in a considerable degree, from those peculiarities in their character which discriminate them from other heathen nations, and which are eminently auspicious to missionay efforts.

1. *They are not Idolaters.* The most formida-

ble obstacles to the progress of the Gospel, are found in the absurd superstitions, which have pre-occupied and fettered the minds of idolaters. We remember, said Mr. Crane, the thrill of joy which animated our churches, when it was stated, that the natives of the Sandwich Islands had abandoned their idols. Why? Because this event was regarded as an interposition of Providence, to give to the Gospel a free course, that it might run and be glorified. And shall we be insensible to a still more signal interposition of God, in preserving the Indians from idolatry? Can we feel less compassion for their fate, merely because they are in our neighbourhood, and we want their lands?

The Indians cherish the superstitions, which are universal among an ignorant people, and are to be found among the illiterate in our own country. The belief in witchcraft, for example, so prevalent among the Indians, has not disappeared from among civilized nations.

The Indians have remarkably consistent ideas respecting the spirituality, the unity, and the power of God, their dependence on him, and their obligations to worship him. The missionaries find in the minds of the Indians no ideas of God, which conflict with those which the Scriptures teach. The natives never object to the religion of the Bible. Mr. Crane stated, that even the noted Red Jacket is not opposed to Christianity itself; but that he, and others, rendered distrustful by the disastrous history of their tribes, are afraid to receive even the word of life from the hands of white men, lest some treacherous purpose be found concealed.

2. Other heathen nations are subjected to an absolute despotism, or to the worse dominion of their own passions. But the Indians transact their affairs in solemn councils, in which the greatest decorum and deliberation prevails. The old men consult, while the young men listen in silence, or speak with modest deference. The natives are thus trained to habits of sedate and deliberate reflection, which render them peculiarly accessible by the mild persuasions and arguments of the missionaries.

3. Mr. Crane entered on a very able defence of the Indian character, from the charge of implacability, treachery, and wanton cruelty. From our infancy, we are told of the shocking atrocities perpetrated by the savages, and we learn to regard them as fiends, who have none of the attributes, and no title to the rights, of humanity. But we hear little of the dreadful story of their wrongs. We make no allowances for their ignorance, their habits, their fears. We think not of the barbarities of other savage tribes, and of the enormous crimes perpetrated in the warfare of civilized men.

That the Indians are vindictive, is not denied; but is this disposition confined to them? If they have been found implacable, what cause have we for surprise or complaint? We expect from the Indians, what our nature, while unrenowned, has never granted, when we expect the forgiveness of injuries, without repentance on our part. When did the whites offer acknowledgments and reparation to the Indians?

It is the testimony of all, who have had the opportunity to become familiar with the Indian character, that the aborigines, while free from the taint of imported vices are remarkable, for the

strengthen of their social and domestic attachments, for their hospitality, and for their fidelity, honesty, and general uprightness. The history of Roger Williams and Penn is a sufficient proof, that those who have deserved to be loved and trusted by the Indians, have found them neither inhuman nor perfidious.

4. Mr. Crane stated several touching anecdotes, to exemplify the sensibility of the Indians to kindness. This is the only method to subdue them. In the fierce strife of war, the Indian indulges passions which befit a demon, and he submits to suffering with the apathy of a stoic. But behave towards him like a friend, and his stubborn soul yields to this unwonted treatment. The most trifling acts of benevolence are remembered for years, and are sometimes requited in a way which has the appearance of romance. The missionaries have had ample opportunities to witness the effects of Christian kindness on the minds of the natives. At Cataraugus, when it was proposed to remove the school and the missionaries, several of the warriors shed tears, while they entreated, that they and their children might still be favoured with instruction.

5. The concluding argument for persevering effort, alleged by Mr. Crane, is, that *the dry bones have lived*. He asserted, that, in proportion to the means employed, from the times of Elliot and Brainerd, down to the present, *more souls have been won for Christ among the Indians of North-America*, than among all the other heathen nations on the earth.

We have not leisure to make further comments on this able, instructive, and affecting discourse. We wish, that views and feelings akin to those of the preacher animated all our countrymen. A crisis in the affairs of the Indians is arrived. The great project of colonizing them is before Congress. The dispositions of the government are paternal, and we have the most entire confidence in the benevolent designs of the National Legislature. But the duties which we owe to the Indians cannot be fulfilled by acts of Congress. The philanthropic spirit of Christianity alone can enlighten their ignorance, soothe their animosities, and mould them to the customs, and the gentle charities of civilized life; while it elevates their hopes to that world, where the white man and the Indian, alike redeemed by the blood of Christ, shall unite in the same song of praise.

Extract from a Speech of the Rev. John Stuart, at the Belfast Sunday School Union.

My Lord, said Mr. S. the day has been when the utility of Sunday Schools might be questioned; but that day, like other gloomy days, is gone never to return. One of the advantages of this institution is, that it keeps active children employed on the Lord's day, and prevents them from running into mischief. In a late conversation, it was remarked that cherries were like to be scarce; a lady, who disliked Sunday Schools, exclaimed, "Yes, we may thank Sunday Schools for that." "Why? what connexion," said one present, "can exist between Sunday Schools and the growth of cherries?" The lady replied, "before such schools were established, the boys went on Sundays and robbed bird's nests; so their numbers were thinned and our cherries allowed to grow: but there

will soon not be a boy left to look for a bird's nest, and we shall not get a cherry to eat!"—I am confident there are but few in this respectable assembly who sympathize with this *cherry-loving lady*. Now, I look on this lady's censure as a perfect eulogium on the institution. We sometimes justly deduct from the praise of friendship; but when the same sentiment flows from the lips of prejudice, in the language of blame, we may give ample credit to its truth, without a tax on our gratitude. These schools do more than prevent from mischief; they enlighten the young mind; and it is remarkable what degree of Scripture knowledge some acquire. In a late Sunday School examination, the teacher mentioned that direction of the wise man, "buy the truth and sell it not." He remarked, that he that buys the truth makes a good bargain; and inquired, if any of them recollected any instance in scripture of a bad bargain? I do, replied a boy, Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain, when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third said, "our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." Sunday School instruction goes farther still; in many cases it renews the heart and life. * * * * * And further still, my Lord—Sunday School instruction has taught the young how to die. In Roscrea, in the south of Ireland, walking in the fields one evening, I observed a little girl watching clothes which were drying, while she read in a book. I asked what book do you read? "The Bible, sir." So you are fond of reading the Bible. "I am, Sir." Where did you learn to read the Bible? "In the Sunday School." In what book are you reading now? "The book of Job." To other questions satisfactory answers were returned. Some time after I was called on to visit a sick person, and I was greatly struck at finding my little Sunday School friend sinking under a rapid decline. She had learned the grand outlines of gospel doctrine, what we call the plan of salvation, but she had not obtained the consolations of religion. She was encouraged to look for these, and she soon obtained them, and continued in possession of them till her last hour. Observe the process, my Lord:—the Sunday School led her to the Bible—the Bible led her to *Jesus Christ*, and *Jesus Christ* led her to heaven.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, JANUARY 8, 1825.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

A correspondent informs us that revivals have recently commenced in Malta and Ballston, N. Y. and that there had not been so much attention to religion in Saratoga Co. for several years. In one place thirteen came forward at the close of a meeting and requested their minister and Christians to pray for them; and at another place nine made the same request. At this time it was not known that there was a soul under conviction till the request was made.

We learn from the Christian Secretary that a revival in Branford, (Mass.) which commenced in November last is still progressing. More than 20 have united with the Baptist church in that place. And in West Boyls-

ton more than 40 give evidence of having experienced a change of heart. The work is powerful and appears to be extending all over the place.

A revival which commenced in Ashford about three months ago, has been going on in a powerful manner. It is stated that nearly every person in the Factory, and in the village that is over twelve years old has been made a subject of the work. It is believed that more than one hundred have "chosen that good part which shall never be taken away."

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

Philosophers may reason—Skeptics may deny—Bigots may murmur—Infidels may deride, and the united wisdom of the world may attempt to find out the way, and the mind of the Spirit, but all their noise and strife are vain. God is carrying on a work of grace and mercy in the earth. His Holy Spirit in secret whispers like the gentle zephyr, is operating silently, though powerfully, in the hearts of sinners, and transforming them into the image of Christ, and preparing a people for his praise. And notwithstanding wicked men and seducers wax worse and worse, yet, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant."

Amidst the darkness and gloom of this moral wilderness, how cheering is the light of life; and while Satan and his emissaries are endeavouring to undermine the foundation of the Christian's hope, and obstruct the progress of light and truth, how blessed is the assurance, that the almighty energies of the Holy Ghost can, and will renovate this ruined world, and make it the garden of the Lord.

Let such then, as have experienced the bright rising of the Sun of Righteousness in their hearts, and on whom the Holy Spirit has descended with his transforming power, supplicate the "father of lights," to extend the triumphs of his grace. For he "will be sought unto by the house of Israel to do these things for them." "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good;" and none but the Holy Spirit can "take of the things of Jesus" and make them manifest to the soul. The duty of prayer and labour, belonging to creatures; the power to bless belongs to God, and blessed be his name, he has said, He is more willing to give us the help of his Spirit, than we are to ask him for it.

REVIVAL IN TOWNSHEND, VT.

During the revival in Townshend which commenced nearly two years ago, between 70 and 80 have been brought out of nature's darkness into the light and liberty of the gospel. The Rev. Mr. Clark in his narrative published in the Recorder and Telegraph says,

After the difficulty in the church was removed, the professed followers of Christ began to awake out of sleep. They appeared more humble and prayerful, and more active in endeavouring to advance the kingdom of the Divine Redeemer.—They mourned over the desolations of Zion, and the stupidity and moral death which reigned around them. Upon a Sabbath noon, not soon to be forgotten, some of the members of the church convened at my room, to give vent to their pious feelings, and to consult together respecting the

best means which could be used, for the conviction and conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of saints. One says, "what shall we do? something must be done." Another answers, "that has been said long enough—something not only ought, and must, but *shall be done*." Having come to this conclusion, believing that their only help was in Jehovah, and knowing him to be a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, a present help in time of trouble—they came to the resolution, that they would spend a certain portion of every Saturday evening in their closets, to plead for the outpourings of the Holy Spirit. They did not plead in vain. Soon there were plain indications for good. The church were awake and active. Sinners could sleep no longer in their sins. The Divine Spirit Descended like a mighty rushing wind, and many, with a pained heart and an accusing conscience, entered the conference room, and the meetings for inquiry.—In one week, more than twenty were hopefully born into the kingdom. The work of conviction in most instances was short, yet deep and pungent. In some, however, long and painful was the struggle, before the sinner was willing to accept of salvation upon gospel terms.

The revival has been principally among the youth. The young have been taken, and the aged left—some of whom, to human appearance, are suffered to fill up the measure of their iniquity, and ripen for everlasting ruin; which awful doom, will the Lord in infinite mercy prevent.

The greater portion of those hopefully converted, were children of believers. Among this whole number, *not one* but whose *parent* or *grandparent*, was a professed follower of Christ. Jehovah still remembers his ancient covenant and holy promise: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee. And they shall keep my commandments. I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring."

FOR THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

MR. EDITOR,

In your paper of Dec. 25th, 1824, under the article "Ordination of Deacons," the argument turns on the "*fact* which," it is said "no Christian denies, that the apostles ordained the first seven deacons by the imposition of hands." It is there fore argued "that we are under obligation to follow their example," p. 469. And the *principle* upon which it is thus assigned is that "they," the apostles, "designed that their example *generally* should have the force of positive precepts."—p. 470. As to the *fact* assumed, it would seem from the objections answered, that some Christians do deny that the apostles ordained the first seven deacons *as deacons*, in the sense in which we now use the term. It has likewise been doubted, if not denied, whether the office of these seven ever was strictly and properly that of a deacon. Morheim, as is well known, does not allow that the transaction recorded in Acts, vii. 7. was the *first* institution of the office of deacon. So that it would seem as if the facts, on which the writer rests his argument, are not so fully known as to be removed entirely beyond all controversy. The divine right, or *command of God*, therefore, which is supposed to be so universally violated,

is a matter of *inference*, from doubtful facts. I have been accustomed to think it more consistent with the truth to suppose that the positive institutions which were of divine appointment, and were to serve as tests of obedience, should be themselves directly and plainly revealed, and not left to inference at all, and still less to be inferred from so obscure premises.

2. As to the *principle* on which the argument turns. It is not so self evident as to be entitled to the authority of an *axiom*, that the apostles "designed that their example *generally* should have the force of positive precepts." Nor, so far as I know, is there any *Scripture* which establishes the principle. Nor have I ever seen any *argument* from the nature of the case, which proved the principle. It has indeed been very commonly taken for granted. But the very terms in which it is proposed, shew that it amounts in fact to no rule at all. The writer emphasises the word "*generally*." All the disputes about modes and forms have been based upon this rule, and all sects admit it to precisely the same extent with this writer, i. e. *generally*. And they all reserve to *themselves* the application of the rule, and insist that others shall follow the example of the apostles, just as *generally as themselves*, and no more. Each sect reserves to itself the right of excepting something out of the example of the apostles, either the cup in the Eucharist, or the kiss of charity, or the washing of the saints' feet, or the immersion in baptism, or the posture at the Lord's Supper, or some other particular. But none is willing to allow his neighbour the same privilege of making exceptions. Now I suppose that it is *safe* to follow apostolic example, in regard to modes and forms; and that it is *proper* enough to do so, when circumstances do not make it inconvenient. But as there is nowhere any express injunction to give to *all* their examples the force of positive precepts, nor any rule to distinguish between those which are, and those which are not, *binding* upon the conscience, it seems hardly worth while to *impose* upon ourselves or others the observance of forgotten rites, which have lost their significance. I take the rule which Robert Hall has laid down in his "Essay on Communion," to be the true rule, and the one on which all Christians will finally agree. I have not his work before me, but the substance of the rule is, that "Nothing in the example of the apostles respecting modes and forms, is to be regarded as authoritative, which naturally spring out of their habits and circumstances, and which would have appeared in their day unnatural and incongruous if it had been done otherwise." It is a rule of very extensive application, and if adhered to, would exterminate a great many hot and unchristian debates.

S. F. D.

American Indians.—The Report from the office of Indian Affairs (contained among the Documents accompanying the President's Message to Congress) shews that there are 32 schools established among the Indians, on various points of our country, and that there are 916 pupils at school. These schools are all established by various religious societies—and it is gratifying to hear it said by the officer charged with the Indian Department, "that the Reports of the Superintendants of these schools are highly satisfactory, and dem-

onstrate that no insuperable difficulty is in the way of complete reformation of the principles and pursuits of the American Indian." Yet these are the beings whom the Governor of Georgia would exterminate, if they will not consent to be robbed of their lands!—*American*.

ANDOVER SEMINARY.

From the Catalogue of this institution just published, it appears that the whole number of students is 117—viz. Seniors, 35—Middle Class, 37—Juniors, 45. There are also five resident Licentiates. Of the students 26 are graduates of Dartmouth College, 21 of Yale, 20 of Middlebury, 9 of Brown, 3 of Hamilton, 7 of Harvard, 6 of Williams, 5 of Bowdoin, 4 of Union, 3 of Amherst, 1 of the University of Vermont, 1 of Upsala in Sweden, and 6 are not graduates of any college.—*Recorder & Telegraph*.

BIBLE CLASSES.

The establishment of Bible Classes has been often followed with a blessing. The great Revival in this city in 1820, commenced soon after the organization of Bible Classes, and the same effects have followed this mode of instruction in many places. In our last Number we republished from the Monitor, an account of the Bible Classes in Salem; and for the encouragement of others, we copy from the same work, the following account of

BIBLE CLASSES IN NORTH MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASS.

Soon after my settlement in the ministry in this place, in 1817, I appointed meetings to catechise the children. Within a few years after we established Sunday Schools, which were well attended and evidently useful.

But it was not till last summer, 1823, that an attempt was made to organize a Bible class—an undertaking respecting which I had many doubts and fears about immediate success. As there were at that time but a small number of young people among us who were hopefully pious; and as far as could be discovered with regard to others the moral current was setting strongly another way, towards the vanities of youth and the amusements of the world, I had serious apprehensions of failing in the attempt in undertaking to embody them into a society for searching the Scriptures.

But, for the encouragement of others in like circumstances who may have similar fears, I can with gratitude inform them, that, though I knew it not, the Lord had prepared the way. No sooner was the proposition made, and the time of the meeting announced, than nearly seventy youth came forward and enrolled themselves as members of the class. I have since ascertained that for some time previously a number of these young people had been seriously affected, and had been constrained by their feelings to search the Scriptures; and that nothing could have been more appropriate, welcome, and useful to them than such an institution, to facilitate their inquiries. Nor did the regular period for the second meeting of the class arrive before the Lord was pleased to pour out of his spirit, and a revival of religion commenced. The revival, however, was general in the parish, though the members of the class shared largely in it—as of the number of between

sixty and seventy, which we charitably hope were converted nearly half were members of the class.

Our class meetings are once a fortnight, are generally well attended, and promise usefulness.

My manner of conducting them is as follows. Every meeting is opened and closed with prayer. Wilbur's Reference Testament is used as a text book. A lesson of a chapter or more given out at a previous meeting is recited and discussed by questions and answers, and concise passing remarks. Dissertations of the members are then read, followed by such questions as they are disposed to ask respecting any part of Scripture—more especially the part under consideration. I then give a concise, plain, practical exposition of the lesson—taking special care to illustrate the subject by comparison, when needful, so simple and easy of comprehension, that the least elevated capacity or youngest member can scarcely avoid understanding it. I then close by dwelling upon some prominent important truth, endeavouring most affectionately and solemnly to impress it upon the conscience and the heart.

This plain practical manner of inculcating religion among youth, and in public addresses to promiscuous assemblies it is believed has the most salutary and lasting effect.

The not unfrequent complaint that ministers "shoot over the heads" of their hearers, and that many children and young people attend public worship with very little religious advantage, is not destitute of foundation, nor without occasion for regret.

The labours of many learned and good men are nearly or quite useless to a large proportion of their hearers, for want of simplicity.

Well acquainted with science and theology, and familiar with technical phrases and distinctions, how many of the learned forget that the greatest part of their hearers have never been classically taught; and that never having had their minds logically disciplined, nor accustomed to abstruse speculation, they are not prepared to travel through a train of fine spun metaphysics, or understand a learned, abstruse disquisition. And it is believed that simplicity of style is of peculiar importance in the instructions of Bible classes, Sabbath schools, and on all occasions, where children and youth are addressed. Nor does it exclude attention to style, or taste; or any ornament whatever connected with learning or religion that is worth possessing.

And when we consider that the rising generation is the hope of the church and of the state, and that whatever may be done by the means of education and of grace for the benefit of adults, whose habits are formed, and principles generally fixed; and who are often tenacious of opinion and jealous of innovation; it is among the young, whose minds, are maturing and characters forming, that learning and piety must seize and secure their trophies—how can we estimate or form any adequate conception of the immense importance of the religious and literary privileges of the age, and especially of that system of benevolence, which carries the best of instruction to the inmates of almost every dwelling.

Ought not the Christian, the patriot—in a word—every person, to be willing to engage in the good work of using such means as they possess to aid the literary and moral improvement of the ris-

ing generation? In proportion as knowledge, piety, and virtue increase in our country, liberty and happiness are secure; and just in proportion as they decrease our highest and best interests are endangered. Liberty lingers not long in a country where the population has become ignorant and vicious; and where vice and ignorance reign is the very seat of human wretchedness. Let every one then be persuaded to "lay fast hold on knowledge;" and "in all his getting to get understanding."

PHILIP COLBY.

North Middleborough, Oct. 1824.

DEAF AND DUMB.

A few weeks since we gave a specimen of the intellectual improvement of a young man by the name of Loring, who is deaf and dumb. The following article from the Connecticut Mirror, is a still more striking evidence that these unfortunate fellow beings may be raised to a high state of rational enjoyment.

The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, Principal of the Asylum in this City, has lately returned from an excursion through the States of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Vermont and Maine, the object of which was to excite in the public mind, a deeper interest with regard to the Deaf and Dumb. We are happy to learn that his efforts have been attended with success: that the first three above mentioned States, (they have all before had a correspondence with the Asylum on the subject) have concluded to send two commissioners respectively, to meet in Hartford this winter to confer with the Directors on making arrangements for the education of their indigent Deaf and Dumb and that the Legislature of Maine will doubtless adopt a similar course at their approaching session. Such a plan we trust will result in the adoption of generous and effectual measures for the relief of this unfortunate and interesting portion of our community. We have been favoured with a copy of a conversation which took place between one of the pupils who attended Mr. Gallaudet on his tour, and a gentleman in Portland. During the conversation Mr. Gallaudet was absent; and the specimen which it affords of the unaided efforts and prolific resources of the mind of a deaf and dumb youth who, when he entered the Asylum, could not write the simplest phrase in our language, or possibly connect *two words* together, and whose knowledge was as limited as that of a child in the nursery—is one of the happiest that we have seen; and a most convincing proof, if indeed any were now wanting of the high intellectual attainments of which those who labour under such immense disadvantages, are susceptible. We are inclined to think that there are very few if any youth, who, after only seven years instruction beginning with the very elements of language and of knowledge, could stand the test of similar interrogations, or reply to them in as correct and chaste a style. Will an intelligent and benevolent public any longer suffer such intellectual ore as this to lie buried in the neglected recesses of ignorance!

Q. Are your courses of studies confined to the English language?

A. I do not pay attention to the study of the English language only, but also to those of arithmetic, geography and history.

Q. Do you study ancient history; and if so, do you recollect the former name of Constantinople?

A. I have read much in Rollin's ancient history. The original name of that city was Byzantium.

Q. At what period was that city captured by the Turks?

A. In the fifteenth century.

Q. At what period did the Reformation commence in Germany, and who were the first reformers there?

A. In the beginning of the sixteenth century. Luther and Calvin were the most distinguished reformers.

Q. Do you remember the fate of Zuingle and Servetus?

A. I do not know any thing about Zuingle and Servetus.

Q. Who was Pope at that time?

A. Pope Leo the Xth.

Q. What was his character in general terms?

A. I know little of his character, but I know well that he was uncommonly munificent to persons eminent either for science or for the arts.

Q. Have you read the history of Charles the Vth?

A. I read it but little.

Q. What was the most remarkable event in his life?

A. His abdication of the imperial throne and retirement to humble life.

Q. In whose favour did he abdicate and what was the character of his successor?

A. In his brother Ferdinands—I do not know any thing about his character.

Q. Was it not in favour of his son Philip II?

A. Charles left Philip the kingdom of Spain and Netherlands only.

Q. What was Philip's conduct in the Netherlands—how did he treat the people?

A. He was very oppressive to the people of Netherlands, and they could not bear his intolerance; they revolted, and, after a hard struggle with Philip, separated from the dominion of Spain.

Q. Who was the great leader of the people in the Netherlands, and did they become independent during Philip's reign?

A. I do not recollect who was the great leader in the Netherlands, nor do I recollect whether the Netherlands became independent, during Philip's reign.

Q. Was it not the Prince of Orange who was assassinated by the Duke of Parma, long before the Netherlands became independent, which did not happen till after Philip's death.

A. I believe he was. I do not know any thing about the assassination of the Prince of Orange by the Duke of Parma.

Q. At what period was the Norman conquest made and by whom?

A. In the year 1066 by William.

Q. What was the general character of this Prince?

A. It was heroic and full of ambition.

Q. Which do you consider the most illustrious reign in English history?

A. I consider the reign of Elizabeth as the most illustrious in English history.

Q. What Prince attempted to destroy the Bards?

A. I understand that Edward the first massacred 400 Bards of Wales.

Q. Have you read Gray's Ode upon that subject?

A. Yes ; and Mr. Gallaudet wrote an extract from that ode on a large slate in our school. I think it a very fine piece of Poetry.

Q. Mr.— Do not let us task your patience.

Pupil. No, it does not trouble me at all. I am very much pleased at being asked questions of this kind.

Mr.— I wish at your age I had known half as much as you.

Pupil. I have not half so much knowledge as many have at my age.

Mr.— Not one in a hundred could have answered better than you have done.

Q. Who was the first Prince of the house of Tudor?

A. Henry the VII.

Q. What is your opinion of the character of Henry the VIII?

A. It was very vicious, dissolute and tyrannical.

Q. Who was cotemporary in France with him?

A. Francis the 1st.

Q. Do you recollect an anecdote of Francis challenging Henry to wrestle?

A. I read it in Goldsmith's history of England.

Q. What is your opinion of the chivalric age in Europe, and of the Crusades?

A. I know very little of the chivalric age. I think that the Crusades were unjustifiable and very bloody wars.

Q. Was not the object a laudable one?

A. I should think it a reasonable and laudable object, considering the dark age.

Q. Do you recollect who got up the first Crusade?

A. Peter the Hermit, and Walter the Pennyless.

Q. Who was the first Prince of the house of Stewart?

A. James the first.

Q. What was his character?

A. He was quiet and peaceable in his disposition, but he was not a profound statesman nor a good General.

Q. Who was Charles the second's cotemporary in France?

A. Louis XIV.

Q. What was the character of this Prince?

A. He was very warlike and ambitious of glory and extensive dominion, yet he was very liberal to men of genius.

Mr.— We fear you are tired, do not hesitate to say so if you are.

Pupil. I am not fatigued at all.

Q. Which do you consider the greatest Prince of the House of Bourbon?

A. I consider Henry the fourth as the greatest Prince in that family.

Q. How did he come by his death?

A. He was assassinated by a fanatic named Ravaillac.

Q. Who was Henry's principal minister?

A. Rosmes, Duke of Sully.

Q. Did you ever read Sully's memoirs?

A. I read some of Sully's memoirs. It appears to me a most interesting and instructive work.

Mr.— That is my opinion. Sully was a very great and good man. In what reign in France was the massacre of St. Bartholomew?

A. In Charles the ninth's.

Q. What was his mother's name?

A. I think it was Mary of Medicis.

Mr.— She was a very bad woman.

Q. Which do you consider to be the Augustan age of France?

A. Louis XIV's.

Mr.— Will you please to give your age and name at the close of this conversation with which we have been very much gratified. We hope to have the pleasure of renewing it before you leave us.

Pupil. My name is George H. Loring ; and my age will be 17 on the 19th of this month.

NATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY.

We are happy to learn that opinions favourable to the establishment of a National Tract Society have been expressed by influential men in different parts of the country, and that it is in serious contemplation to call a meeting of delegates from the different local institutions, to meet in this city in May next, to devise a plan of union. This measure is unquestionably a wise one. All the arguments which were urged eight years ago in favour of the union of the local Bible Societies, apply now with equal force to the union of the local Tract Societies. Among the advantages of such an union we may enumerate economy in printing, economy in the purchase of paper and other materials, economy in the transportation of the tracts, economy in short, in all the expenditures of the society. As the members of the different local institutions are engaged in precisely the same object, as they are printing to a considerable extent the *very same* tracts, it must be obvious on the slightest reflection, without going into details, that one set of managers, one treasury, one set of stereotype plates, and one general agent wholly devoted to his work, will accomplish more in the business of printing and distributing tracts, than a multiplication of independent institutions, and a consequent division of funds and counsels and efforts. We regard the experience of the American Bible Society as decisive on this point, and if this were wanting, we might appeal to the history of Tract societies in Great Britain, where the advantages of a national institution are now well understood and universally acknowledged. An intelligent clergyman, recently from England, informs us that the London Society, in consequence of the economy resulting from the enlarged scale of its operations, is enabled to print tracts, send them to different parts of the kingdom, and to sell them with profit at a less price than the simple cost of paper and printing to a local society. We have no doubt that the same effect would be produced by a similar policy in this country.

[N. Y. Observer.]

ANECDOTE OF AN AMERICAN SAILOR.

At a meeting of a Tract Society in England, the Rev. Samuel Kilpin, of Exeter, related the following anecdote of an American sailor.—N. Y. Obs.

At the close of the war, a poor ragged half-famished sailor applied to me for charity—I took him into my study—said to him—Where are you from? America. Your countenance shows you have seen better days. A sigh escaped him, while he answered, Yes.—You have known something about religion, If I am right in my conjecture. Oh yes, sir, that is my crime ; my father was a Methodist minister, and I, leader of a class—but I be-

came vain, conceited, proud, neglected prayer, mixed with the world, I became a backslider, ran away, went to sea—was taken prisoner to France, detained there a long time in extreme distress—got to England, and am now almost famished.—You broke your mother's heart I suppose? I fear I have. And buried your father of a broken spirit? I am afraid it is too true. Well, what money have you got in your pocket—a penny? No—A half penny? No. Well here is two penny worth of Tracts at the reduced price, go sell them, they will bring you four pence—a man who cannot get his living in this country with two pence, is good for nothing;—go, if you will *work*, I will put you in a way to get home; it may be, "God has been better for you than your fears." Your father may yet live to embrace his prodigal son, your mother may yet be spared to clasp to her bosom, a long lost child: don't spend a penny, bring all the money to me and invest it again in Tracts. Go into the kitchen and refresh yourself, and then shew me what you are capable of. He went, and in the course of the day returned with the four pence—had eight penny worth of Tracts, went off into the country, sold them for sixteen pence—spent four pence, and invested one shilling in Tracts. Made another excursion, brought back one shilling and six pence, had three shillings worth of Tracts—off again, and in a few days brought back 5 shillings, bought more—then took another direction, sold them, came back—then off again, and so on, till he had accumulated a few pounds—invested them in Tracts—went away, and I thought I had lost him; at length he made his appearance better clad, new shoes—a decent hat, and finally so improved in his appearance, that on saying he had heard of a ship at Plymouth going to America—came to lay out all his savings in Tracts, which produced a large bundle, which he was about to sling at his back and walk off for Plymouth; before you go, said I, step up and thank Mrs. Kilpin, and Betty, who have been so kind to you. He went, and then set off for Plymouth, with a light heart, in hopes of enlivening by his presence his dear parents, if God should spare them to behold a returning and penitent prodigal. I saw him no more, and trust that the prayers of his pious parents were answered in the preservation and return of their lost son.—On my return into the family, I asked my wife and Betty, if a person had called on them to return thanks. Yes, said they, but we wondered who he was. What, said I, did you not know John? No, said they, we thought he was at least a gentleman's butler, so metamorphosed was he in his appearance—thus you see that Scripture fulfilled—'The hand of the diligent maketh rich. 'Go thou and do likewise.' Is not this encouraging to all Tract distributors? And who can tell the blessed effects of the Tracts he diffused through villages, where the sound of the glorious Gospel has not yet penetrated? To all such, I say, 'Go forward; in the morning sow your seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that.'

At the same meeting, Mr. Kilpin told the following story of a Nurse maid.

A fine young woman, Nurse Maid in a gentleman's family, was sent on a message to me—Perhaps said I, you would like to read a few Tracts,

presenting her with a bundle. She courtseyd, took them and promised to return them next week. She brought them, I asked her how she liked them. Very well, sir—a blush tinged her cheek, which told me she had not read them.—Here is another parcel, take them home and read them, but, *be sure you pray over them*, or they will do you no good. They are but bits of paper, but God can make even bits of paper a blessing to you; be sure you pray over them. She returned them sometime after, and told me, Sir, I deceived you when I brought back the former parcel—I never read them. I threw these in a corner in the Nursery, where they lay till yesterday. Every time they met my eye, they seemed to say, *Pray over us*; indeed I won't, was my reply, I never prayed yet, and I am not going to pray over bits of paper; yesterday I took them up to return them; the thought crossed my mind, suppose Mr. Kilpin should examine me as to their contents—I will even read the titles, but pray over them, that I won't I am determined. The first I looked at was 'The importance of prayer.' What importance can there be in prayed? I read on, and found I had hitherto lived in the omission of a great duty and glorious privilege; this brought me to my knees, and I am now come to ask 'what I must do to be saved.' I am such a great, such a miserable sinner. He told her, apply to Jesus by importunate fervent prayer for pardon, peace and reconciliation through his blood and righteousness; attend the means of Grace. Be instant in season and out of season, praying for the influences of the Holy Spirit to guide you into all truth, read your Bible, mix faith with prayer, God will never reject the prayer of faith. She did so, and soon became 'a disciple of the humble and lowly Jesus, joined his Church, and now walks consistently and adorns the doctrine of God her saviour in all things. Her Mistress was taken ill, and previous to her death, was so won by her pious conversation, that she bequeathed all her children to her care for life, to bring them up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Thus God blesses bits of Paper *when prayed over*. Oh that all who *distribute*, as well as all who *receive* Tracts would pray over them, then our hearts would be gladdened by numerous similar details of blessedness.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE IV. AND DR. PEARSON.

From a respectable source we have the following anecdote of George IV. and Dr. Pearson, author of the life of Buchanan.—"On a certain occasion, Mr. Pearson, then little known, happening in London, was invited by one of his Majesty's chaplains to officiate on a Sabbath, when it was expected the king would not be present.—The invitation was accepted, but to the surprise of all, his Majesty entered the chapel together with the Royal Family, when the young man was to preach! His intended sermon was of a very plain and pointed character, and such an one as seldom or never entered the royal ear. But Pearson did not feel disposed to alter, curtail, or exchange it for another. The king was very much astonished to hear such unwonted doctrine, and sent a messenger requiring the attendance of the young preacher. Pearson waited on the king,

who was pleased to inform him that he was much gratified with his discourse, and "farther," said he, "it is our royal pleasure that you be appointed to the office of chaplain to the court!" Pearson was surprised at this unexpected favour, an object of so much ambition to the English clergy, but with Christian meekness and dignity, begged to decline the honour. The king was astonished, and asked his reason for declining that which to any clergyman in his situation would be a very high favour. "I am sorry to say to your Majesty, that my discharging the duties of this office to my king on earth, would be inconsistent with my duties to my King in heaven." "How so?" asked the king. "I should be obliged for example to to attend your Majesty in your royal yacht on parties of pleasure during the Sabbath," was his reply. "And is it then a profanation of the Sabbath? My chaplains never told me so," rejoined the king. Some explanation of the nature and sanctity of the Sabbath was then entered into, all which appeared new to the king. When the interview was concluded, Pearson was dismissed, but was subsequently sent for, and when he entered the royal presence, was addressed by the king as "Dr. Pearson." Your Majesty mistakes, I have not yet received that honour." "That honour" replied the king "has been conferred upon you," and beckoning to a page, he advanced and presented to Pearson the degree of D. D. which had been obtained from Oxford! "You will henceforward," the king told him, "be considered as one of our chaplains," and at the same time assured him that while in his service, nothing should be required of him inconsistent with his duty to his conscience or his God. "From that time," said Mr. S——, "his Majesty has ceased from his Sabbath pleasure parties. He is now what may be called a moral man."

[*Boston Telegraph.*]

A HINT TO REFORMED TIPLERS.

[In a notice of one of Brainerd's Indian congregations, published in the Religious Advocate, we find the following account of Indian John's resisting temptation, which he communicated to Mr. Tennent.]

"In a conversation he had with Indian John, who had formerly been overtaken with liquor, and had since discovered great contrition for it, and by a uniform good behaviour since, was restored to full standing in the church, he gave the account of his struggles to withstand temptation. John said he was once passing a tavern at a little distance, very early on a winter morning; when he saw the house he made a halt, and looking wishfully at it, his heart said, John, a dram would be a very good thing this cold morning—He answered, No, my heart;—Mr. Brainerd said John must not drink dram; Mr. Tennent said John must not drink dram; Jesus Christ says John must not drink dram. I then walked very fast. I stopped again—My heart said, John, half a dram, a little small dram, very good for John this cold morning, make John travel strong. I say—Mr. Brainerd, Mr. Tennent say, John must not touch dram—Jesus Christ say, John must not touch one drop. My heart say, only very little John. I say, my heart, you go drink dram, John will run away. So I ran as hard as I could.

FROM THE NATIONAL JOURNAL.

PUSH-MA-TA-HA.

Died, at his lodgings at Tennison's, on Thursday night last, at about 12 o'clock, in his sixtieth year, PUSH-MA-TA-HA, one of the Choctaw Delegation, now at Washington, on business with the Government. The best attendance and the best medical skill were employed to save him, but in vain. He died of the croup, and was ill but a day. He was buried on Saturday with military honours, which were performed by the Marine Corps, by directions of the Hon. the Secretary of the Navy, assisted by Captain Mauro's and Captain Dyer's companies of volunteers: Christian ceremonies by the Rev. Mr. Hawley. The procession was large (at least two thousand) and highly respectable. General Jackson, who knew and appreciated the services of this Chief, paid his last respects to his memory, as did also many members of both Houses of Congress, and members of the government, some of whom attended him, though so distant, to the grave.

Push-ma-ta-ha was an extraordinary man. He was one of the three great Chiefs of his nation, and had attained that distinction by his powers of oratory and military prowess. Nature had impressed him with the stamp of greatness—and he was himself even in death. "I am told," said he, (in his native tongue, for he spoke no English,) "that I am better. It is a mistake. I shall die—and at about 12 o'clock to-night. It has always been in my heart that I should die in the land of strangers." He then gave some directions respecting his family, and the disposition of his affairs, and concluded by saying—"When I am dead, let the big guns be fired over me." His request was respected. He had won this high distinction by his uniform attachment to the people and cause of the United States, and by the scars he had received, and the blood he had shed in seconding our power on our borders, when it was exerted to save our citizens from the hostile of his own race, and the combined hostility of the enemy with them, and especially in the late war. He even foiled Tecumseh—though not with the sword. He saw his opportunity, and seized it; he knew his means, and he employed them. He triumphed over that master spirit, broke the spell in which he was attempting to bind his nation, and turned the sword of his people upon our enemies. *It was by the powers of his oratory.* Every arm fell when Push-ma-ta-ha had spoke. Every hostile spirit was hushed—and the Choctaw nation, powerful as it was, were united to us. He put himself at the head of 500 warriors, and entered our service—was in twenty-four battles—seven under the eye of General Jackson in his Pensacola campaign, and won the admiration of even this veteran. Push-ma-ta-ha remembered his leader in death. "I want," said he, "to see General Jackson." But it was late at night, and the knowledge of this wish was not conveyed. To the writer of this hasty notice, General Jackson said, when informed of it the next day—"I deeply regret it. Had it been midnight, I would have risen and gone to see him."

Push-ma-ta-ha, though uneducated himself, saw the necessity of improving his people—and demonstrated his attachment to civilization, by giving \$2,000 of his annuity, for 15 years, towards the support of the school system.

Push-ma-ta-ha sleeps with the great and the venerated of our land. He lies in the same enclosure with our Clintons and Gerrys. When the tidings of his death shall reach his people, they will be like the fall of the noblest tree in their forest, which had long furnished them with shelter and shade—every ear will listen to the echoes occasioned by its fall, and all hearts will mourn the mighty ruin. But let them remember, though he "died in the land of strangers,"

that he was respected and treated like a friend, and that "the big guns" were fired over him, not barely in compliance with his last request, but out of respect for his services, and to show, that his attachment to our people, and his efforts in our cause, were not forgotten.

It was the boast of Push-ma-ta-ha that "*his hand was white.*" "It has never been stained," said he, by the blood of Americans. But it is *red* with that of their enemies." "I am an American," said he, the other day, to the writer of this. "My skin is red—but my heart is white." He was asked, about ten weeks ago, how he was? He threw his eyes upward, and with a most devotional and grateful look, spoke—"He says," said his interpreter, "he feels that the great Spirit loves him to day. He is so well that he feels *happy.*"

On his way to Washington he met an old acquaintance going to the land of his achievements in war.—"You have come in a path, so far," said Push-ma-ta-ha, which is straight, and the green grass and flowers border it. The trees are all leafy, and the birds sing amidst their branches. You are going where the paths are all crooked, and where the land is desolate, and white with the bones of my enemies."

Did time permit, even with the barren resources which are at hand, it would be easy to illustrate the extraordinary sayings of this man. He was of nature's construction in intellect and prowess. And when she turns off a favourite, as in Shakspeare, art only fetters, and its adventitious aids are spurned as beneath the attention of the mind which is rich and powerful in its own resources.

MISCELLANY.

PRESENT STATE OF INDIA.

The question has often been asked why missionaries were sent to India, when so many of our Indian tribes were neglected. By looking at the following statement and comparing the density of the population with our scattered tribes the advantages will be obvious.

The British possessions in India, taken collectively, may be calculated at 553,000 square miles; and including all the recent acquisitions, at 33,000,000 inhabitants. Of these, under the three oldest establishment, or presidencies, may be rated for Bengal, 523,000 square miles, 57,500,000 inhabitants; for Madras, 154,000 square miles, and 15,000,000 inhabitants; and for Bombay, 11,000 square miles, and 2,500,000 inhabitants. The total of English possessions and their allies may be computed, by approximative calculation (for but few correct official details have been published) at 1,103,000 square miles, and 123,000,000 of inhabitants; and the grand total of Hindostan, including Lahore, Sind, Cabul, &c. at 1,230,000 square miles, and 134,000,000, inhabitants.

The population of the principal cities of Hindostan, which, in general are within the English pale, by an approximate estimate, has been rated as follows: Benares, 600,000; Calcutta, 500,000; Surat, 450,000; Madras, 300,000; Lucknow, 200,000; Hyderabad, 200,000; Decca, 180,000; Bombay, 170,000; Delhi, 150,000; Moorsheda bad, 150,000; Poonah, 120,000; Nagpoor, 100,000; Bereda, 100,000; Almedabad, 100,000; Cashmiera, 100,000; Furruckabad, 70,000; Mirzaypour, 60,000; Agra, 60,000; Barcily, 60,000; Burdwan, 54,000; Bangalore, 50,000; Chupra, 43,000; Seringapatam, 40,000; Broach, 33,000; Mangalore, 30,000; and Palbampour, 30,000. Five of these, Lucknow, Hyderabad, Nagpoor, Ba-

reda, and Cashmiera, are not subject to the English.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Mr. Work, Captain of the Don Giovanni schr. from Gottenburgh, while delivering a cargo of deals and iron, at a wharf in St. Catharine's, on Tuesday last, was accosted by a miserable looking young man, just returned from America, beseeching a little employment. The Captain in reply, said, he was sorry he was not in want of any additional hands, as his crew were fully adequate to discharge the cargo. The young man in return expressed his regret, but urged the Captain to suffer him to work only for his meat, as he was literally starving for want of food. Commiserating the youth's unhappy situation, the Captain complied with the condition, and the young man went cheerfully to work in the hold among the crew. Observing on the following day the assiduity of the stranger to discharge his duty, the captain asked him of what place he was a native?—"Loughrea, in Ireland," he replied. "Loughrea—Loughren, rejoined the Captain," and "what is your name?" "Dennis Work," replied the youth. Palpitating with anxiety, and afraid he might be mistaken, the Captain immediately inquired if he had a brother. "I had," said he, "but it is a long time since I saw him." "What is his name?" almost breathless, inquired the Captain. "James Work," replied the youth. "Then you must have had letters from your brother?" says the Captain. "Oh, yes, Sir." "Come, come along with me," says the Captain hastily, and immediately hurried him into the Cabin. "Have you any objections to show me those letters from your brother?" asked the Captain. "Certainly not," said he, and instantly pulled out his pocket-book and produced them. The captain, assured then almost to a certainty who the young man was, produced corresponding letters to himself, and upon the mutual correspondence being laid upon the table, each exclaimed, "Brother," and they instantly rushed into each other's arms, and for several minutes their feelings were so overpowered with the warmth of their affections, that neither of them could speak till tears came to their relief.—*London Pap.*

A DREADFUL SITUATION.

Much sensibility is expressed as to the distressing and miserable situation in which the Governor of Kentucky is placed by the conduct of his son. He is committed to prison, and, under violent presumptions, accused of MURDER in the first degree. On looking at the Constitution of Kentucky, we find that the governor of that State is entrusted with the sole power, "to grant reprieves and pardons except in cases of Impeachment."—How deplorable will be the situation of the Father, if the Governor shall be called upon to sign the death warrant of his son. Without the public, powerful and pressing considerations which moved Brutus, Governor Desha is likely to be placed in nearly the same trying and heart rending situation.—He cannot now resign, because to resign would be to prejudge his son's guilt, by presuming his conviction, which is the only thing which can compel him to act upon the case. His situation is indeed heart rending and most pitiable.

[*Demo. Press.*]

POETRY.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS MONITOR.

The following beautiful and affecting lines, are taken from a small volume entitled, "Songs by the Way," by the Rev. Mr. Doane, late of the city of New York.

LIFE'S LITTLE LINES.

"Noting, ere they pass away,
The little lines of yesterday."

Life's "little lines," how short, how faint,
How fast they fade away:
Its highest hopes, its brightest joys,
Are compassed in a day.

Youth's bright and mild and morning light,
Its sunshine and its showers,
Its hopes and fears, its loves and tears,
Its heedless, happy hours;
And manhood's high and brighten'd noon,
Its honours, dangers, cares,
The parent's pains, the parent's joys,
The parent's anxious prayers,
Fade in old age's evening gray,
The twilight of the mind;
Then sink in death's long, dreamless night,
And leave no trace behind.

Yet, though so changing and so brief,
Our life's eventful page,
It has its charms for every grief,
Its joys for every age.

In youth's in manhood's golden hours,
Loves, friendships, strew the way
With April's earliest, sweetest flowers,
And all the bloom of May;
And when old age, with wintry hand,
Has frosted o'er the head,
Virtue's fair fruits survive the blast,
When all besides are fled;
And faith, with pure unwavering eye,
Can pierce the gather'd gloom,
And smile upon the spoiler's rage,
And live beyond the tomb.

Be ours then, virtue's deathless charm,
And faith's untiring flight;
Then shall we rise from death's dark sleep,
To worlds of cloudless light.

A HYMN.

Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Trembling, to thy cross I flee;
Make my wounded spirit whole;
Rescue, succour, strengthen me.

Wandering far from thee and Heaven,
Through the world's deceitful maze;
To its sinful follies given
All my earliest, brightest days;

I can offer to thy love
Only this poor, bleeding heart,
Which of sin begins to prove
All the anguish, all the smart.

Ah! this heart if thou disdain,
To what refuge shall I flee?
To the world and sin again!
Hopeless child of misery!

No; the world and sin I leave;
Suppliant at thy cross I lie,
Till thou peace and pardon give;
Friend of sinners, hear my cry.—

Friend of sinners, hear my cry;
I can go to none but thee;
Thou that did'st for sinners die,
Rescue,—succour,—strengthen me.

[Rec. and Tell.]

THE NEW YEAR.

On this commencement of another year, we offer our readers our cordial salutation. Some whom we addressed in our last Number have ended their labours on earth, and are now enjoying a glorious rest in heaven. Our readers and ourselves are also journeying towards the eternal world; and may arrive there before we are again saluted with, "*A Happy New Year.*" Are we prepared to meet our God? Have we performed the work which he has required us to do? While we look back on the past year, whose days are now all "numbered and finished," let us pause, and reflect. Have we put our trust in Him who died for sinners? Have we consecrated ourselves to the promotion of his cause? Let us look abroad among the nations, and see the great moral changes he is effecting, let us each ask, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" and take our station, without delay, in the field of labour.—*Ch. Almanac.*

Patrick Henry left in his will the following testimony in favour of the Christian Religion: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family: there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the *Christian Religion*. If they had that, and I had given them nothing, they would be rich; and without it, if I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

The following passage from the late Bishop Horn's Sermon on "The Redemption of Time" appears to be worthy of consideration:

"Cut off, as much as may be, unnecessary visits, of all thieves, they are the worst who rob us of our time, because for the loss of that no amends can ever be made us. And there are in every place some who, being idle themselves, do their best endeavours to make others so; in which work, partly through a disposition in those others to be made so, and partly through a false fear and shame, which hinders them from fraying away such birds of pray, they are too often suffered to succeed. An assembly of such persons can be compared to nothing but a slaughter house, where the precious hours, and often times the character of all their friends and acquaintance are butchered without mercy. And perhaps there are few maxims that have more truth in them, than one laid down by a great master in the art of *Holy Living*, 'No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.'"

When a man can say, "My God!" if he can add nothing more, that is sufficient; for my God is a Father to me in Christ; yea, he is a Father who hid his face from Christ for my good. If, then, I am in darkness, let me remember that God never had a Son that was not sometimes in the dark; for even Christ, his only begotten Son, cried out, *My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?*

CECIL.

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